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OUT OF THE SILENCE

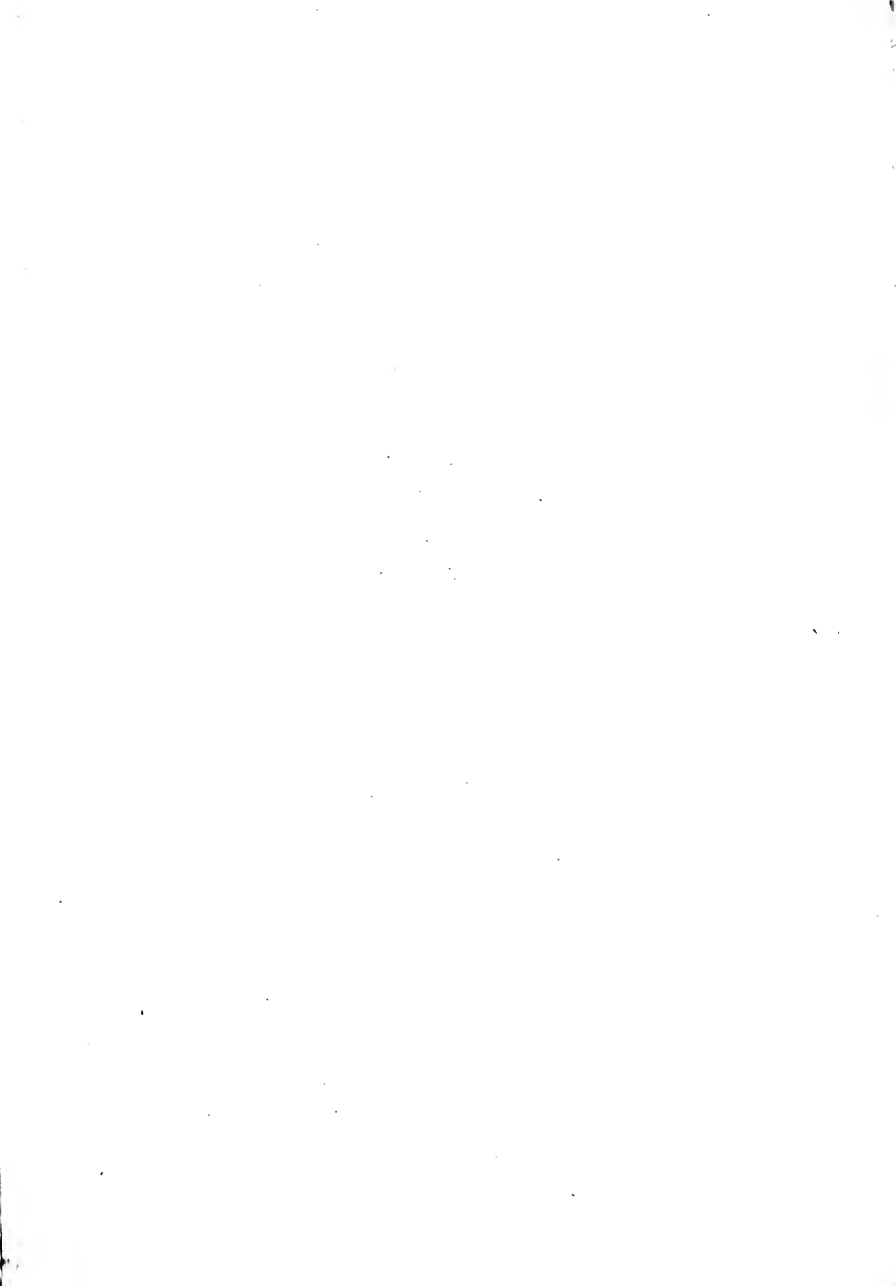


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OUT OF THE SILENCE.

1909:

THE MONARCH PRINTING CO.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

OUT OF THE SILENCE

A BOOK OF VERSE.

BY

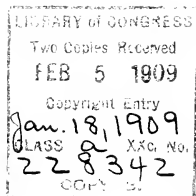
J. SCHUYLER LONG

*" Enamoured architect of airy rhyme
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.*

* * *

** * * let art be all in all,
Build as thou wilt and as thy light is given:
Then, if at last, thy airy structure fall—
Dissolve and vanish—take thyself no shame;
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."*

1909
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA
BY THE AUTHOR.



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By

J. SCHUYLER LONG.

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To My Wife

*When first I met with you, Love,
Changed were then the skies;
A brighter hue because of you
About them seemed to rise;
And all the light that made them bright
Came from your love-lit eyes.*

*And since I've wed with you, Love,
Changed is everything;
The world is new because of you,
And all the year is spring.
Your love has brought the changes wrought
And made my heart to sing.*

J. S. L.

Out of the Silence

*Out of the silence they come to me,—
The songs that I sometimes sing.
And to my spirit shut out from all sound
The solace of music they bring.*

*Out of the silence in echoes they come
Like sounds in a faraway dream,
Bearing my thoughts as it were on the tide
Like roses are borne on the stream;*

*Bearing them far in melodious strains
To the land of the lotus and rose,
So that my spirit on aerial wings
Forgets all the sadness it knows.*

*There all alone in that dreamland of song
The music of Nature I hear,
For, if the heart is with Nature attuned,
The words of her message are clear.*

*Visions of beauty transformed into song,
The music of motion and light,
Make of this dreamland with echoes of sound
Forever a land of delight.*

*So I'm content, tho in silence I'm bound—
And hear not the music of strings:
Ever a voice in that silence I hear
And write down the song that it sings*

I WISH THAT I COULD TELL.

In the sound of song and music
 There's a charm for those who hear,
And they look upon me sadly
 When they see me standing near.
And they think that I am lonely
 As they reckon what I miss,
And they seem to be so sorry
 That I lose this cherished bliss.

But I wish that I could tell them,
 As I smile and turn away,
Of the voices ever singing
 Through the night and through the day,—
Voices full of sweet reminders
 Of the days of long ago,
And I hear again the echo
 Of those songs I used to know.

And I wish that I could tell them
Of the music that I hear
With its vibrant tone resounding
On my inner conscious ear,—
How it thrills and, creeping o'er me,
Steals away the bitter sense
Of the wrong that Nature did me—
This her gift in recompense.

And I wish that I could tell them
Of the music that I see
In the buds of spring unfolding,
And the moving melody
In the motion all about us,
In the birds and in the flowers,
In the happy eyes of children
As they look their love in ours.

And I wish that I could tell them
Of the most delightful things
That I hear and see in silence
When my inner fancy sings.
And I wish that I could tell them
Of the music in the hand
When in song it moves in rhythm,—
But they would not understand.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

In the poetry of motion there is music if one sees,
In the soaring birds above us there are moving
symphonies.

There is music in the movement of a ship upon
the wave

And the sunbeams dancing o'er it, that the min-
strels never gave.

There is music in the rhythm of the waving field
of wheat

In the swaying leaves on tree-tops, and the skip
of dancing feet.

There are songs of gladness for us in the opening
buds of spring,

And we understand the message that their fuller
blossoms bring.

There is music in the motion of the yearly chang-
ing scene
As the seasons move before us, changing brown
and white to green.
There are songs of rapture for us in the colors of
the sky,
In the rainbow and the sunset and in cloud-ships
floating by.

There is music in the mountains—in their grand-
eur as they rise
With their snow-capped summits keeping vigil
in the hidden skies.
There is music in the rainfall, and the snow-
flakes coming down
Giving earth a white-robed mantle and the trees
a silver crown.

Tho' we deaf can hear no music in the touch of
vibrant strings,
In the harmony of motion there are songs that
Nature sings.
And there's music all around us if we have the
eyes to see,
And although we can not hear it we can feel its
melody.

THE FAMILY MAN AS A POET.

My poetic fancy wanders into thoughts of measured rhyme
And I see my songs go marching downward thru the halls of time.
In an ecstasy of vision I sit down and try to write,
While my thoughts go soaring upward in a frenzy of delight,
But before I get them marshaled comes a baby's pleading cry,
"Papa, take me; I'm so sleepy." And I take her with a sigh.

Presently she's soundly sleeping and I lay her gently down;
Then I turn to my forsaken paper, forcing back a frown,
While I thrust my nervous fingers into my disheveled hair,
Vainly hoping that I'll find my scattered thoughts regathered there.

When I quiet down to thinking and I turn again to
write,
Comes a childish voice and whispers, "Papa kiss
me now good night."

All are sleeping now. The room's deserted and I
fondly count
That I'm now at peace; so truant Pegasus again
I mount,
Now my fancy lingers, coming slowly, then re-
turns again,
And the words begin to muster at the bidding of
my pen.
But before a line is written comes another ner-
vous shock,
And a voice calls sweetly downward, "Don't for-
get to wind the clock."

WORK.

Work for the joy of working,
And work for the health it brings;
Rich the returns of labor
When heart of the worker sings.

Work: in the deed you're doing
The test of your empire lies;
Work with the best that's in you
And build to the towering skies.

Work, and the sting of sorrow,
The shadow of blighting grief,
Pain, and the ills of nature
Are lost in the soul's relief.

Work for the joy of working,
And work with a zeal intense;
Gold's not the measure of payment;
But peace is its recompense.

WHERE THE WATERS RUN.

Shallow bed of rocks and pebbles,
Winding down among the hills;
Waters singing second trebles,
Joining voices of the rills;
There, in every kind of weather,
Under cloud or in the sun,
Trout and minnows play together—
Where the rising waters run.

Flowers and fern in rich profusion
Mantle banks of mossy green;
Light and shadow in confusion
Dance upon the satin sheen;
Giant trees with limbs o'erhanging,
Meeting, intercept the sun;
Cool retreat for summer angling—
Where the wid'ning waters run.

Herds of sheep and cattle grazing
Here and there about the plain;
Wood and meadow interlacing
With the fields of growing grain;
Quail and partridge there in hiding,
Future victims of the gun,
For the hunter there is biding—
Where the quiet waters run.

Wide and deep the river's growing,
Ships at wharves in serried ranks;
Spires above the trees are showing—
Cities, there, along its banks;
Nature's beauties all have vanished,
(Desecrating greed has won),
Forest creatures have been banished—
And to sea the waters run.

DO YOU MIND?

Though the winter winds are blowing
And the cold is in the skies,
While at night the stars are glowing
Where the landscape barren lies,
Do you mind so much that summer
With its fruits and flowers is fled
When you're in the "cozy corner"
And the fire burns bright and red?

Though the winter hills are whitened
By the soft and silent snow,
And the sombre view unbrightened
Save when lambent sunsets glow;
Do you mind so much that summer
With its green is far away
When, the Dearest One beside you,
You are gliding in a sleigh?

Though the winter's cold has banished
All the merry picnic days,
And the summer girl has vanished
With her captivating ways,
Do you mind so much that summer
With its outing days is past
When the mistletoe and holly
O'er the days their brightness cast?

A WISH.

To Edith when she was a child.

While I am not inclined to grieve
That nature was unkind to me,
I sometimes long with all my heart
To hear the prattler at my knee.

Her love-lit eyes are raised to mine
And I can read the language there;
But oh that I could only hear
The words she breathes upon the air!

She climbs upon my lap, and then,
Her arms about my neck entwined,
And by the kiss she gives to me
I know her heart is wholly mine.

But I would give a world to hear
Her baby voice and have her say
"I love you papa, oh, so much."—
Then smiling kiss my cares away.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst send
The men inspired to guide
Our darkened minds unto the light
That Nature's wrong denied.

No joy or happiness we knew
Till Thou in mercy sent
These messengers of light to us
And now we are content.

We thank Thee still for all the joys
That from this light have come,
And that we now have ways to sing
Altho our lips are dumb.

And that, altho for us, 'tis true,
There is no joy in sound,
Our eyes may find the soul's delight
In beauty all around.

IN AUTUMN.

Now is the time to go roaming
The woods and the bright tinted fields,
Seeking for beauty and music
That Nature so lavishly yields.

Now may the crown of her glory
So full and so perfect be seen;
Now does the sunlight envelope
And brighten the whole of each scene.

'Tis from the sunlight the colors
Have come to the leaves on the trees;
Stolen from heaven the blue in
The tints all about us one sees.

Music around us is surely
The notes from the music on high
Loaned to the singers that over
Us hover and sing in the sky.

Why not come out and go roaming
In fields and along the still brooks,
Reading the pages of Nature
Instead of those musty old books?

THE VALLEY DESPAIR.

Deep in the valley Despair lie
The hearts that are broken, unknown.
Drowned in the noise of the traffic
For gold, is the sound of their moan.

Little we know of the heartache,
(And few are the ones that may care),
That bars of a prison have hidden
And hearts they have doomed to despair.

Under the heel of the law, to
Be ground in the mill of the goals,
What to the judge who presides and
Condemns, is the tragedy of souls?

Over the hearts that are saddened
By wrongs that some other has done.
Lord, let Thy pity extend, for
The world in its justice has none.

THE MORGUE.

Enter softly; this the morgue;
Tiptoe lightly, make no sound.
Here the dead lie all about thee;
Lift thine eyes and gaze around.
See that youth a step beyond thee
Who, so peacefully he lies,
Seems to be but sleeping, yet the
Hand of death has closed his eyes.

Found within the public park, a
Shining weapon by his side;
And one mute and empty chamber
Told the tale of how he died.
He was lured to seek his fortune
Where the city's glowing lights
Called to him and promised pleasure,
Told of manifold delights.

But the current swept him downward;
He grew weary with the strife,
And to cover up his stealing
He has blotted out his life.

Look and see the next beyond him
Is a slender childish form;
Picked up frozen from the door step
Where he huddled to keep warm.

And the next one there; observe it;
In that bleared and bloated face,
And the form so bent and shrunken,
There is scarcely any trace
Of their former power and glory,
Ere the mark of drink was there,
And his soul had been o'ertaken
By the Demon of Despair.

Over there beside the window
Shows a woman's whitened brow;
Gone, her soul, to Him who gave it
Where no scorn can reach her now.
She was forced to sell her virtue
For the price of bread to live
For, among a Christian people
None would pity or forgive.

Oh, the sorrow and the sadness
That lie hidden, here revealed,
And the secrets of the guilty
That their death forever sealed.

Oh, that here within a country
Where a Christian nation dwells
There should be such things to record
As the morgue thus mutely tells.

Oh, you thoughtless, pampered people,
You who count your hours of ease,
Do you yawn and turn the paper
When you read such things as these?
Did you do but half your duty,
Take the time to go and see,
Then relieve the poor and wretched,
Things like these would never be.

THE WINDMILL.

'Round and 'round the windmill goes,
 Veering this way, that,
Like an aerostat,
Showing us the wind—
 How it blows.

'Round and 'round the great wings turn
 High above the trees,
Lightly in the breeze,
Like a ship at sea,
 Sails astern.

'Round and 'round the sails rotate
 Turning wheels below
Swiftly as they go;
Power from winds above
 They create.

Turning ever. Cast your eyes
Anywhere you will;
Doting vale and hill
White-winged sceptres rise
To the skies.

Picturesque and lone they stand,
Rising high and bold
Like the towers of old
Watching on the Rhine
For brigand.

But no threat'ning vigil now;
Farmers' signal towers
In this land of ours
Mark the change of sword
For the plow.

AT CUPID'S ALTAR.

Of all the gods that ever had
An altar or a shrine,
None ever claimed the homage that
Mankind doth give to thine.
'Tis to thine altar there doth come
A mingling, motley throng;
The high and low, the rich and poor,
The weakling and the strong.

And there to kneel in equal grace
The prince and pauper come,
The master and the slave forget
The places they are from;
And purple there with rags will touch
As they together bide,
And Homeliness will bend the knee
With Beauty by her side.

The young are there, in haste to be
Their love-lit eyes aglow;
The old come too,—their hearts beat fast
E'en tho their steps are slow.

For Cupid's shaft hits whom it will
And none escape the dart,
And worship of the little god
Means sacrifice of heart.

And all who seek that altar rail
Brings each his love tale there,
And some are full of joy and hope
And some have griefs to bear.
For neither wealth nor age nor time
Can alter love's behest
So each must take the god's decree
And follow with the rest.

FLORA.

Oh, Flora's face is fair to see
And Flora's eyes entrancing,
And Flora, dainty, drawing nigh,
Doth set my heart a-dancing.

But Flora's heart is cold as stone,
And Flora's eyes unheeding;
And Flora coldly passes by,
Altho my heart is bleeding.

And Flora's form is petit, sweet;
Her smile is wondrous winning,
And for her favor I would fight,
Or gladly go a-sinning.

But Flora's smile is not for me—
Her favor she's denying,
And Flora will not hear my plea
But leaves me still a-sighing.

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

To Live? To wage the battle of mankind;
 To toll and struggle for life's need, and be
 Content; no higher aim than this: To see
The image of one's self and leave behind
Naught else save earth to earth and kind to kind—
 A slave's existence; soul denied its free
 Development for lack of that which we
Call education; thralldom that doth bind
 The soul to passion's sway. Is it the aim
Of man, created image of his God?
 Arise! Thy life was meant for higher
 things.
 With Prometheus's spark our freedom
 came—
The will that lifts the man above the clod;
 Emancipation from the earth, not kings.

SAY IT.

If another's efforts please you say it;
 Silence does not make it understood.
 We can make another's work much lighter,
 We can make the day for others brighter,
 By our approbation, if we would.
 Say it.

If, for favors, you are grateful, say it;
 Do not let the loving giver go,
 Thinking you have no consideration,
 Thinking that you lack appreciation
 For the gifts his love and thought bestow.
 Say it.

If you have a friend, and love him, say it;
 Do not wait, and praise him when he's
 dead.
 Many a loyal heart is weary, waiting,
 Many a lonely heart is longing, aching,
 For the word of love we might have said.
 Say it.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

We thank Thee, Lord, that all our days
Our wants Thou hast supplied,
And that through all our devious ways
Thou ever wast our guide.

No prayer of theirs hath been in vain
Who bent the suppliant knee,
Nor cry for mercy to obtain
Gone up unheard by Thee.

And prospered Thou the seed we sowed
And sent the sun and rain
Till now our bins are overflowed
With heaps of golden grain.

Fulfilled is now the hope of spring,
The promise of the bloom,
With autumn's golden offering
In Nature's altar-room.

From dreadful flood and awful fire
And dread disaster's hand,
Thou hast preserved our homes entire
And saved our native land.

And so we come before Thy throne
Today on bended knee,
In thanks for all Thy mercies shown
And what we owe to Thee.

And while our songs now fill the air
On this Thanksgiving day,
For future help and loving care,
Oh, Lord, we also pray.

COMPENSATION.

For each and every loss we bear
Some recompense we gain;
And when we miss the goals we seek,
Some other heights attain.

When Nature wills a cross to some
In mercy then she sends
Some compensating gift or strength
As if to make amends.

The blind possess a keener ear,
The deaf a clearer sight
And what the one regains from sound,
The other gets from light.

The fool in mental prison held
That lives to eat and drink,
Can never know the curse it is
To live and not to think.

So Nature gives whene'er she takes
And makes an even trade,
And he who loses much, gains more,
And so the bargain's made.

DOWN THE OLD POTOMAC SHORES.

Far down the old Potomac shores,
 Along the inland bays,
We sail in modern boat and muse
 Upon those early days,
When midst the savage Indian haunts
 Here dwelt the pioneers—
The men inspired by heaven to guide
 Our country's infant years.

Here lived the men who first conceived
 The nation's grand design;
Here fought and won the struggle that
 Preserved that nation's line.
Not e'en New England's sacred soil
 Can be to us more dear—
While freedom first was planted there
 'Twas saved and fostered here.

Then whose the heart that does not feel

 The thrill of rapture keen,

As one by one before his sight

 Appears each passing scene?

For history adds a double charm

 To beauty of the land

Where shores of old Virginia

 Face heights of Maryland.

THEN I'LL BE CONTENT.

If a song of mine will gladden
Some one's heart with sorrow filled,
And dispel the thoughts that sadden,
Or the care their joy has killed;
Then I'll sing that song of gladness
That will drive away some sadness
And I'll be content.

If a word of mine will brighten
One upon life's weary road
If a deed of mine will lighten
Some one other's heavy load,
Then, I'll speak that word to brighten
And I'll do that deed to lighten,
And I'll be content.

IN MAY.

Fields and trees begin to brighten
In their shown summer dress,
And the dandelions bloom
In their golden loveliness;
All the earth is clothed in verdure
And the flowers begin to bloom,
Casting off the sleep of winter
With its dread of cold and gloom.

Everywhere the eyes are gladdened
By the green and growing grass;
Everywhere the birds are singing
Songs of greeting when you pass;
All the atmosphere's redolent
Of the blooming orchard trees,
And the droning of the beetle
Joins the buzzing of the bees.

Then your soul is filled with music
As of voices low and sweet,
And you turn with inward longing
Where the woods and meadows meet;
And you thrill again with pleasure
As you idly walk and dream,
Gazing forward in your vision
To delights of field and stream.

A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

From the altar, hearth and woodland
Where a grateful people throng,
Upward from prospered country
Goes a glad thanksgiving song;
Upward to the Lord, the Giver,
For the goodness he hath shown,
For the marks of sovereign kindness
And the mercy we have known.

For the fullness of the harvest
That so lavishly has poured
From the fields so full and freely
With the gifts of Nature stored;
For the many countless tokens
Of the Heavenly Father's love,
And the blessings that unnumbered
Shower upon us from above.

For our homes among the blossoms
Under His protecting care,
For the cheer which they bring round us
And the children gathered there;

For the friends we have to love us,
And the chance to love them too;
For the place our lives may brighten
And the good that we can do.

For the ever-changing beauties
That on earth around us lie;
For the splendor of the sunset
And the colors in the sky;
For the thousand gifts from heaven
That we all may happy be,—
These, O, Lord in us awaken
Songs of gratitude to Thee.

TO A ROBIN.

Pretty little robin,
Singing in the trees,
Why are you so happy?
Tell me, if you please.

Scarce has winter vanished
When your breast of red
Brings the tidings to us
That the cold has fled.

And you come back to us
Singing all day long,
Bringing gladness with you
In your merry song.

Tell me, why you never
In the livelong day,
Once are sad, or ever
Cease your roundelay.

But the happy fellow,
So intent is he
In his merry-making,
Will not answer me.

HEART LANGUAGE.

With my heart o'erflowing with its
Thoughts of love for thee,
I sit down to write them, but the
Pen trails uselessly.

For the words that come but echo,
Faintly, from afar,
Feelings far beyond them as the
Sun outshines the star.

Depths the heart alone may fathom,
Words can not express,
And for feelings deep and tender,
They are meaningless.

Yet, my dear, I'm sure thou knowest
All my love for thee—
Heart to heart can tell it while the
Pen trails aimlessly.

WHAT'S THE GOOD?

What's the good of always whining
When the weather goes all wrong?
Soon you'll see the sun a-shining;
Quit your grumbling sing a song.

What's the good of always pining
When misfortune is your lot?
Soon you'll see the silver lining;
Make the best of what you've got.

What's the good of always sighing
When by chance your hopes are killed?
Nothing ever comes of crying
Over milk that has been spilled.

THE MODERN PEACEMAKER.

In days of old as we are told,
The goddess Peace was fair;
Her dress of gauze was so because
They worshiped beauty rare.

But nowadays we've changed our ways
And turned the goddess down;
Instead of her we now prefer
A man in khaki brown.

From head to heel in arms of steel,
For olive branch, a sword,
On foreign soil where white men toil
He awes a savage horde.

He sails the seas in pampered ease
In ships of twelve-inch mail,
With many guns of numbered tons,
To make the nations quail.

To keep afar the dogs of war
Come plunk your taxes down;
We have to feed 'gainst day of need
The man in khaki brown.

THE SILVER LINING.

Few the buds that bloom in splendor,
Full fruition may attain;
Yet the world has had their fragrance
And they blossomed not in vain.

Few the hopes we fondly cherish
Their fulfilment ever reach,
Yet the heart hath grown the stronger
With the lesson that they teach.

Few the ones our love hath singled
Live to greet us at the end,
Yet our lives have known the sweetness
That it means to have a friend.

Never all the year is summer,
Never all the days are fair;
Never life without a shadow,
Never heart without a care.

Yet as in the depths of midnight
Gleams a star of silver light,
Thru the darkest disappointment
Hope is shining clear and bright.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

We shuffle the cards and deal them out
And chance their fate controls;
And some get the trumps and win the
game
Then smile at the luckless souls.

And often I think in the game of life,
Allotted our gifts like these;
And some drink wine from golden cups
And some get only the lees.

For Fortune will smile as Caprice commands,
And justice is blind you know;
And come good or ill to the sons of
men
As shows on the dice we throw.

THE METEOR.

A-sudden comes a flash of light,
A meteor through the sky—
A spark from out the inky night
That none knows whence or why.

Is it a spark from Vulcan's forge
From off his anvil thrown?
Or from some far off starry gorge
That belches molten stone?

Whate'er it is we may not know,
But this the tale it tells:
Far in the depths where starlights glow
A power above us dwells.

ON GALLAUDET'S BIRTHDAY.

Each country has its cherished name
Of patriot or sage;
Each war of freedom gives to fame
A name for heritage.

But victories of peace exceed
The victories of war;
And greater than the man or deed;
The cause he battled for.

And he who wears his life away
In some great cause of right,
Deserves the wreath as much as they
Who perish in the fight.

While stone may mark a soldier's mound,—
Perpetuate a name—
'Tis in the hearts of men is found
The truest test of fame.

Now, while we meet in honor of
Our benefactor's birth,
We'll join our word's of praise and love
With feasting, song and mirth.

Emancipator of the mind
By deafness held in thrall;
Of lives, by nature, doomed to find
The bitterness and gall.

He helped us apprehend the stars;
He showed us to the light;
He broke for us the prison bars
That held us in the night.

Forsaken of the church and law,
He spoke and bade us rise;
The beauty of the earth we saw
And hope beyond the skies.

He spent his life in work and thought
To better human kind;
The battles of the weak he fought
In knighthood of the mind.

We'll ne'er forget our debt to thee,
Nor let thy fame decline;
Our patron saint thou'lt ever be,
As Hartford is our shrine.

And by our words and deeds we'll prove
Some hearts are loyal yet,
And beat with gratitude and love
For you, dear Gallaudet.

A COMPARISON.

The miner delves beneath the rocks
For hidden grains of gold,
And scant his store of counted wealth
With all his labors told.

The farmer delves in surface soil
And plants his grains of gold,
Then waits till Nature gives them back
Increased a thousand fold.

The miner delves in caverns deep
Beyond the reach of sun,
The joy of day denied to him
And soon his race is run.

The farmer delves in open air
Among the fragrant fields,
And Nature all her lavish store
Of song and blossom yields.

The miner delves in peril of
His life on every hand
And all he gets in recompense
Are grains of golden sand.

The farmer delves among delights
In comfort and in ease,
And his rewards: the joy of health
And all the earth's increase.

Now who would delve beneath the rocks
For grains of golden sand
When Nature gives in golden ears
Her wealth upon the land?

A COASTING SONG

Merry lads and lassies gather
On the winter-whitened hills,
Bringing with them love and laughter
And the merriment that fills
All the air with joyous singing
As on sleds they speed along,
With their youthful voices ringing
With this merry coasting song:

The stars are bright,
Our hearts are light
And merrily we sing,
And speed we by
As thru the sky
A bird upon the wing.

Away with care
Let no one dare
To think of her tonight;
With mirth and song
We'll speed along
Beneath the moon so bright.

Oh what care we
How cold it be
With youth and love together?
We'll sport the while
And time beguile
And laugh at wind and weather.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WILD.

Here a virgin kingdom lies
 Fresh from the Creator's hands
Where the giant white pines rise
Far into the northern skies,
 From the damp and sunless sands.

And beneath the arch o'erhead
 Never reaches sunlight there;
Gloom and silence of the dead,
Where the offspring wild are bred,
 In the nest or in the lair.

O'er this kingdom, undefiled
 By the touch of human hand,
Rules the Spirit of the Wild—
Spirit that time once beguiled
 From the far-off desert land.

There enthroned among the trees;
Tangled vines and thorny bow'ers
Making Nature's canopies,
Clinging moss her tapestries;
Courtiers are the ferns and flow'rs.

Dressed in gauze the spider weaves—
Gorgeous trains of rainbow hues;
Hair the sunlight bound in sheaves,
Glist'ning there among the leaves,
Diamond crowned with crystal dew.

Pan for her his reed pipe plays,
Nymphs and dryads come at call,
Song birds sing their roundelays,
And the scepter that she sways
Holds the wood sprites there in thrall.

Wrapt in gloomy solitude,
There she sits in courts of green;
Bird and beast and reptile brood
Wait upon her changing mood,
Servile to their haughty queen.

TO DOROTHY.

On Her Fifth Birthday, March 23, 1905.

Dear little eyes, that lift to mine,
With light of love o'erflowing,
And mirrored in whose depths I see
Unclouded trust there showing:
May they be quick to see the good,
The beautiful in knowing.

Dear little heart that beats so warm,
So little known to sadness,
That knows naught yet of griefs to come
Nor what there is of badness:
That I could keep thee free from sin
And will thee only gladness.

Dear little arms that softly twine
Around my neck caressing,
Dear rosebud lips, so lovingly
Against my own now pressing;
How rich in happiness am I,
The right to you possessing.

CAMPING OUT.

The happiest of summers
Is by the water-side
Or camping in the mountains
With living simplified;

A-tramping through the meadows
Or wading in the brooks,
Zigzagging through the forest
In quest of shady nooks.

A fragrant bed of cedar,
A canopy of white,
Are better than all tonic
To set a man aright.

The costliest of dinners
Is not to be compared
To speckled trout and bacon,
When 'round a camp-fire shared.

The pebbly brook goes rippling,
The trout a moment shine,
Enticing me to follow
With creel and rod and line.

The trees are full of incense,
The winds are full of song,
And Nature's voices everywhere
Are calling me along

To join the merry campers,
Beside the lakes and brooks;
To leave my weary labors
And cast aside my books;

To share again the pleasures
Of Nature's open hand;
To lie among the flowers,
Or sunning in the sand—

The world outside forgotten,
My mind and soul at ease,
And Nature's music makers
Above me in the trees.

The woods are summer playgrounds
For Nature's worshippers,
And all her secrets open
To her interpreters.

The freedom of the forest
Brings freedom of the mind,
The vanity of fashion
And pride, are left behind.

The beauty all around me
Brings thoughts of higher things,
And, to my ear attuned,
The soul of Nature sings.

WILLIAM J. B.

He stood on the platform, did William
J. B.,
Arrayed in a ten dollar suit;
'Twas crimped in the back and 'twas
bagged at the knee,
And minus three buttons to boot.

But six penny nails held his trousers in
place
And gave him a granger-like air;
A red dyed bandanna mopped sweat from
his face
And head where 'twas minus the hair.

And William he talked and he talked and
he talked
And pounded the table and swore
The poor man was being continually
balked
In his efforts to add to his store

By plutocrats' lust and monopoly's greed
The government allowed to exist;
He numbered their wrongs and he told
of their need
And made out a two column list.

He talked of the tariff, insurance, re-
bates;
Of bribery, railroads and graft,
And when he got through with the ship
of our states
You'd think it a derelict raft.

He talked of corruption beyond our be-
lief,
And everything under the sun,
And everyone drew a deep sigh of relief
When William was ended and done.

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

On July 4

Hurry, mother, bring a bandage,
And we'll tie up Willie's thumb;
Held a cracker; it exploded;
Now his hand is out of plumb.

Bring the cotton and some plaster,
And we'll wrap up Tommy's eye;
When the rocket wouldn't fizzle
Tommy sought the reason why.

Sister, go and call the doctor;
He'll graft skin on Freddie's face;
Freddie lit a can of powder
And it blew him into space.

Father, order up a coffin
And we'll bury Sammy Stout;
"Didn't know the gun was loaded,"
When he went and brought it out.

Call the ambulance to gather
Human fragments here and there,
That are scattered o'er the pavement
Or are falling from the air.

Thus we kill and maim with powder
In this patriotic way
While for nurses and for doctors
'Tis a glorious harvest day.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A PICTURE.

Pray, dear old Prex, accept this card,
As though it were a valentine,
That from the past this message brings
With love to you from me and mine;

Though outward grace old time may change
And turn the hair from gold to gray,
It can not make old friends forget,
Nor steal their love, once won, away.

MY KINGDOM.

O, what care I for power or gold,
When round about my knee,
My children prattle o'er their toys
Or turn their eyes to me.

The glow of health is in their cheeks
While joy lights up the eye
And never king surveys domain
With prouder heart than I.

In sweet content and perfect bliss
I sit my arm-chair throne,
And gaze in rapture o'er the scene—
A kingdom all my own.

And love rules o'er this court of mine
That has but four plain walls,
But I would not exchange it for
The gilded palace halls.

And there I sit in thankfulness
For my two little girls,
My wealth and happiness bound up
Within their tangled curls.

And we, the mother queen and I,
Watch where our kingdom lies,
Our sun and moon and stars and all
Shine from their four blue eyes.

AT DEAR OLD GALLAUDET.

The years have come and years have gone
There's ever with us yet
The memory of our college days
At dear old Gallaudet.

'Tis sweet that now those days are past
And college joys are o'er,
To muse upon "the good old times"
Of days that are no more.

The old familiar scenes I knew
Come crowding to my brain
As pleasures of those golden days
I oft live o'er again.

The dear old walls, all ivyclad,
The clock up in the tower—
How many, many happy days
Thy tongue hath struck the hour!

The "garlic grounds" beyond the hedge—

What triumphs they recall!

What victories the Buff and Blue

There won with bat and ball!

The "gym," the pool, the tennis courts,

The coasting on the hills—

The mention of whose memories now

My heart with longing fills.

The "reading room," the lyceum,

The grim old chapel hall;

The hid retreat, the "bums' resort,"

(You see I know them all.)

The faculty that awed our youth,

In stature smaller grown,

But more and more in reverence held

As we their service own.

And dear old "prex," how little then

His love we really knew,

Or how our careless thoughtless ways

So often pierced him thru.

But now we see with clearer eyes
And come our debt to pay,
And at his feet in penitence
A loving tribute lay.

Forgotten now the foes we fought,
We see thru older eyes;
The friends we loved—the true and tried
We now more highly prize.

Tho years may come and years may go
We never can forget
The glories of those college days
At dear old Gallaudet.

DEMODOCUS.

The ancients were discerning men, and held
this doctrine true,
That when the gods would take away, they
left some gift in lieu.
And you may read the tale I tell, in books of
ancient lore,
To prove the law of recompense was known
so long before.

The gods to blind Demodocus denied the joy
of light,
And so, in lieu thereof the muses gave him
inward sight,
And skill above all other men to play the
harp and sing,
The chosen bard was he of good Alcinous,
the king.

And at his court the Greeks had made for
him a silver chair,
And when the king his feasting had, the bard
was seated there.

And never yet had mortal heard, and never
mortal since,
Such music as this minstrel made, to whom
the gods gave recompense.

So runs the tale, as Homer in his Iliad has
told.
It was the Grecian bard himself, who wandered
blind and old;
And while he sings another's praise, he modestly
reveals
The gratitude he owes the gods and for their
solace feels.

WHEN THE TRAIN GOES BY.

I stop to watch the train go by
With fascinated eyes,
And turning ask myself wherein
This fascination lies.

A common sight it is, and yet
I gaze in awe to see
This moving thing of iron and steel
So wrapt in mystery.

It moves along the guiding rails
With majesty and ease;
And carries countless messages
And human destinies.

But why should I, when loud and clear
Its whistle cleaves the air,
Drop ev'rything and idly stand
And full of wonder stare?

In human awe for power, I think,
The explanation lies,
And I but homage pay to that
Which it exemplifies.

MOTHER'S COOKING.

How the pies that mother made
Put all others in the shade !
Apple, custard, pumpkin, too,—
Her's the best I ever knew.
She knew how to cook all these
With the other things that please.
How my heart with longing turns
Backward to those days and years
Just to be a boy again
So's to eat as I did then!

May be time has wrought a change
Can't tell why, 'tis very strange—
May be mother's getting old
And of skill is losing hold—
But, somehow, it seems to me
Now, a man, I go to see
Mother, and take dinner there
That her cooking don't compare
With the skill she used to show
In my youth so long ago.

And I wonder sometimes, when
All these boys of ours are men,
Will they boast as we do now
Of their mothers and tell how
"Mother used to cook," and grieve
Wives of theirs, and make believe
Nothing in their later day
Holds a candle to the way
Things were done when they were boys
And the earth was full of joys.

BE SUNNY.

If we go about our business
 With a bright and smiling face
We will find it mirrored 'round us
 Filling every busy place.
It will lighten all the labor
 Of a dreary, rainy day,
Not alone for us but others
 And I tell you it will pay.

If we take our task and do it,
 Shirking nothing we should do,
It will seem so much the lighter
 When the weary work is thru.
And we'll feel the better for it
 When an inner voice can say:
"Something else is now accomplished;
 It has been a useful day."

If we love our work and do it
 With a quick and willing hand,
We will reap a richer harvest
 And we'll better understand
How to make our work a pleasure
 And to quickly do away
With the drudgery of labor
 And I tell you it will pay.

MY POINT OF VIEW.

I know my ears are closed to sound
And lose the charm that music brings;
I know that I can never hear
The voice, (they say,) so sweetly sings;

The sound of song—it must be sweet;
(My friends who hear have told me so;)
But what is that to me since fate
Decrees that I shall never know?

What knows the bird of buoyant air
‘Till it has spread its wings and flown?
Then why should I be thought to miss
The things I never yet have known?

For sound—the thing you tell me of—
Is meaningless to me;
And what to you comes thru the ears,
In other forms I feel and see.

VACATION TIME DREAMS.

Out of the streets and the alleys
 Into the forests of pine,
Over the hills and the valleys
 Crossing the settlement line;
Leaving the toil of the strivers,
 Seeking the freedom of Pan,
Far from the call of the drivers,
 Where there is rest for a man.

Camping with Nature, the Giver,
 Eating the "fat of the land,"
Tramping the banks of the river,
 Tackle and gun in your hand;
Stalking the deer in the thicket,
 List'ning to calls of the wild,
Then for the paths to the wicket,
 There where the trophies are piled.

Starting the partridge from cover,
Whistling for sight of a quail,
And where the frightened birds hover
Trying for a shot at a rail;
Watching the flight of the singers,
Fishing for trout in the streams,
Longing for chance at the wingers—
These are vacation time dreams.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

The rays of the sun are now smiling
On hills and the valleys fruit filled;
The harvests are stored for the winter
From fields that so lately were tilled;

And never before have they yielded
Such fullness as comes from them now,
And never before have thus prospered
The footsteps that follow the plow.

And far from the city is echoed
The tale of prosperity there,
And good that has come to the country
The toilers in factories share.

And nothing of need is there lacking,
And nothing of good is denied;
The wants of the world in His goodness
The hand of the Lord hath supplied.

So music is everywhere pealing
In strains of a glorious hymn,
And songs of the world now go upward
In praise and thanksgiving to Him;

To Him who hath prospered the sowing;
To Him who in infinite love
Hath showered the world with the blessings
That come from the kingdom above.

BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

The turkey struts the barnyard now,
Unmindful of the time
When he will grace the festive board
Of Uncle Ezra Kime.

He little knows that every eye
Is watching how he grows,
And extra feed he gets just to
Increase his adipose.

And that within a few short weeks
He'll lie upon a plate
All trussed and roasted nice and brown,
And garnished up in state,

When Uncle Ezra's city friends
In good old fashioned way,
Come out to share his dinner there
On next Thanksgiving Day.

LOVE'S CROWN.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. W. R. on their 45th Wedding Anniversary.

Another milestone in your lives
Is counted with the last,
Another added to the years
Which you've together passed;
With hearts attuned in one great thought
That bound your souls as one,
Love crowned your lives with happiness
That few on earth have won.

And to those years so filled with gifts
And blessings few may share,
Look back and count the fruitful fields
Your love hath planted there;
The friends you made, the deeds your love
Inspired your hearts to do;
Now comes the harvest, and love bears
The garnered sheaves to you.

And we, a few of those dear friends
 Would share your joy tonight,
For we have known the love that made
 All round about you bright.
And may the years now yet to come
 Still shower their blessings down,
For heaven is ne'er more pleased than when
 Love wreathes a golden crown.

AS YOU MAKE IT.

Many things you'll find to cheer you
In this queer old world of ours;
Never mind the thorns beneath them,
Keep your eyes upon the flowers.

What if divers things do vex you?
There's a cure for every ill;
And it won't take long to find it
If you've courage and the will.

Look around you at the blossoms,
Kill the weeds or pass them by;
All the world is clothed in beauty
Save to those with jaundiced eye.

For your world is what you make it—
Full of joy or full of woe;
Carry smiles and sunshine with you
And you'll find them where you go.

If you look for slight you'll find it;
Look for wrong and wrong you'll find;
Water always seeks its level,
Like loves like and kind its kind.

And if what you seek's beyond you,
Turn and take what's near at hand;
And if there's no chair beside you,
Thank the Lord you still can stand.

Oh, there's many things to cheer you
In this queer old world of ours;
And tho days are sometimes stormy,
Comes the rainbow after showers.

THEN AND NOW.

When the earth is wrapped in silence
 With the mantle of the night,
And I seek the cozy corner
 Where the fire is burning bright.

And I gaze upon the shadows
 Where the fitful firelight gleams,
Fancy takes me with her backward
 To my vanished boyhood dreams.

And again the airy castles
 That I built before me rise,
And I smile at boyish visions
 As they pass before my eyes.

Once again I tramp the furrow
 With my hand upon the plow,
And the fragrance of the meadows
 Brings a longing to me now.

There beyond the hills and pastures
 With its shining, golden spires,
 Full of wealth and dazzling promise
 Stood the City of Desires.

There the way to fame and fortune,
 Easy sailing of the seas;
 There the rounds of joy and pleasure
 Midst a life of pampered ease.

There no more the weary burdens
 That the farm forever brings;
 Only hours of glad employment
 That flew by on golden wings.

Ah, the dreams my youthful longing
 Built upon my discontent,
 With the rainbow hues around them,
 And enchantment distance lent.

Gone those dreams! How quickly vanished!
 Time and tide have changed since then,
 And I'm weary with the city,—
 Longing for the farm again.

FOR ETERNITY'S SLEEP.

On the death of a friend's father who loved God's out-of-doors

Bury him not where the willows may weep
Nor the wind thru their branches may sigh;
Lay him to rest for eternity's sleep
Where there's naught 'twixt the earth and the
sky.

Bury him not where the saddening pines
Cast their shadows and darken the light;
Bury him there where the sun ever shines
And the stars cast their glory by night.

There be his grave where no shadows may fall,
But the light of the skies overhead;
There where the grass and the flowers for a pall
In their beauty may cover the dead.

Find him a place where in death he'll repose
In the hills in the freedom of air.
So that his ashes may rest at the close
Where he loved; and then bury him there.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Behold, a perfect work in Nature's plan
In this, the human hand, so framed to be
The servant of the will in harmony
With all the needs of Nature's offspring, man
Who sways the sceptre over Nature's clan;
'Tis master of the power which man sets free
Or binds at will, and by which he
Is sovereign of all the forces that he can
Discover; made to carry and to bring;
What appetite may crave, the hand supplies;
The artist's brush, the chisel and the pen,
The workman's tool, the sceptre of the king
Alike it wields; unto the sightless, eyes,
The dumb, a tongue; the all in all of men.

CONTRARIES.

I still have Adam's suit to wear
When I take off my clothes;
And then I lose myself in sleep
To find surcease from woes.

You know we have to go in squares
When we go 'round the town;
And woman's prone to buying up
The things that are marked down.

A clock must needs stay on the wall
Yet on and on it goes;
And I would fain remain in bed
If I would seek repose.

The doctor says you're very low
Whene'er your fever's high;
Tho wet, champagne is best, they say
When it is extra dry.

And when a country man is dull,
 A sharp he's sure to meet;
And while you're standing on your rights,
 You may be off your feet.

So, frequently in words we find
 There's some queer paradox,
Where some poor foreigner is wrecked
 On linguistic rocks.

THE MASTER POET.

Verses? Yes, we all can write them
But 'tis only now and then,
That the master comes to thrill us
With the magic of his pen.

He, the master poet, lifts us
To the subtler realms of thought;
What he sees in God-sent visions
By his skill in words is wrought.

He, divinely chosen singer,
Reads the message from above,
Sweetly tunes his lyre to waken
Human hearts to hope and love.

He, the gifted, reads the meaning
Thru the mist of human tears,
Tunes his lyre to songs of solace,
For our longings, for our fears.

WHY REPINE?

Tho I missed the first spring blossom
Why should I repine?
Are there not a thousand others
Just as fresh and fine?

Tho the fish I caught escaped me
Why be overwrought,
Are there not a thousand others
Good as ever caught?

Tho the girl I loved has left me
Why should I despair?
Are there not a thousand others
Just as young and fair?

THE MODERN STANDARD.

New problems for the world to solve
Each cycle, turning, brings;
The constant change of years has wrought
The need for different things.
No longer now are we content
With must of ancient lore;
The standard set for modern lads
Requires of them yet more.

The strenuous life that now we live
Demands that hand and brain
Together work in order to
The highest art attain.
The mind to plan, the hand to do
And skill its work to guide,
And then we have the boy or man
For life's stern strife supplied.

UP AND DOWN THE STREETS.

Up and down the city streets
 See the crowds that come and go;
Some on business there intent,
 Some for only idle show,
Coming here and going there
Jostling crowds are everywhere.

Men and women, boys and girls,
 Big and little, great and small,
Fat and lean and square and round;
 Some are short and some are tall;
Some in rags and some in silk,
Every kin and every ilk.

Some that carry loads of grief,
 Some that laugh and some that sigh;
Some on secret sin are bent
 Watching chance with eagle eye;
Erring woman, hardened man,
Modest maid and preacher clan.

Colors sombre, colors gay,
In kaleidoscopic change;
Every fashion, every style
From the old to new and strange;
Farmer folk and city swells,
Ugly men and lovely belles.

Envy, greed and lust for gain,
Love and hope and tragedy,
Disappointment, grief and pain,
Joy and smiles and comedy, —
Carried by the ones we meet
Going up and down the street.

A TOAST.

Come, my comrades, fill your glasses
Come and drink a toast with me,
And recall the glories of the
Army of the Tennessee.

Side by side we stood in battle
As we faced our country's foe;
Side by side we shared the fortunes
Of the war in weal or woe.

Side by side we charged at Shiloh
Where ten thousand comrades fell
Where we stood before the canon
And beheld the jaws of hell.

Still together on to Vicksburg,
Thence to eastern Tennessee;
Southward next thru sunny Georgia
And the march clear to the sea.

And after all the hardship
Of those four long years of war
We at last shared in the triumph
Of the cause we battled for.

With no bitterness or malice
But with "charity for all,"
We have met here now together
And the days of old recall.

With our difference forgotten
In a new united land,
Where one flag is floating o'er us
We will clasp the southern hand.

And we'll pause to pay a tribute
To the ones who, fallen, lie
With a mound of green above them
'Neath a friendly southern sky.

And tho age is creeping o'er us
And our steps are growing slow,
We'll respond with courage when the
Great Commander bids us go.

So, my comrades, fill your glasses,
Come and drink a toast with me
To the undimmed glories of the
Army of the Tennessee.

THE BUFF AND THE BLUE.

Come and we'll join in a song and a cheer,
And pledge to our colors anew;
Colors by romance and story made dear—
All hail to the Buff and the Blue!

Colors of beauty and colors of might,
How dear to the hearts of us all!
Colors we hail with a thrill of delight,
What glorious days they recall!

Waving triumphantly over the field
Where valor and beauty are met,
Telling of triumph o'er foes as they yield
To prowess of old Gallaudet.

Wave them aloft and then cheer them above
With hearts that are loyal and true,
Colors that all of us reverence and love—
Forever, the Buff and the Blue!

THE WORKER'S RECOMPENSE.

In the thrill of his creation, not the gain,
The sculptor's real incentive lies;
And the artist finds his compensation in
The perfect lines that meet his eyes.

In the pleasure of the winning, not the prize
The runner gets the most delight;
In the pride of doing something to excel
The toiler's work grows light.

All, the artist, sculptor, and the artisan,
Find joy in that which each loves best;
The pride of work, the glory of o'ercoming,
To art and labor give the zest.

Whether gain be great or small, 'tis one;
There's joy which only workers know;
In the shaping of a form at will, the while
Beneath their eyes its beauties grow.

'Tis the glory in the triumph, leads them on
And keeps the spirit strong and tense;
Gives to him who toils, tho he may miss the goal
His greatest, most prized recompense.

MY RECOMPENSE.

The noisy band goes marching by
But not a sound I hear,
For Nature in a naughty mood
Once closed my outer ear.

But tho I lose those martial strains
Some recompense have I;
The rhythm of their moving feet
Is music to the eye.

The winds that whisper to the trees
Bring naught of sound to me;
But far above in purple haze
The singing leaves I see.

And in the flowers that blossom near
Or sparkle with the dew,
I read a thousand color notes
And know their music, too.

And yonder bird that fills the air
 With his triumphant note;—
Do I not see the music in
 His trim and shapely throat?

And in the plumage that bedecks
 His back and brilliant wings?
For tho bereft of sound I know
 When light or motion sings.

THE GIFT THAT IS OURS.

There on the mound where the soldier lies
Scatter a wealth of flowers;
Meagre the gift for the debt we owe—
Owe for the peace that is ours.

His was the gift of a patriot's life
Laid on the alter of war;
Ours is the gift of a grateful land—
Land that he battled for.

Soon we'll have but the headstones white,
To tell of that civil strife,
When, in the throes of a fearful birth
Was brought forth our national life.

Over the graves where our heroes sleep
The North and the South join hands,
Each with a thought of the other's loss,
And each of us understands.

TO THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB.

On the occasion of its Silver Jubilee

As a traveler on a summit
Stops to rest along the way,
And looks back to view the windings
Where his toilsome journey lay.

Or a Knight discards his armor
At the setting of the sun
And reviews his strength, and courage
By recounting laurels won,

Comes a pause in thy advancement
On this Silver Jubilee
When the eye may now turn backward
And in clear perspective see

All the past that lies behind thee
With its varied memories
And behold in panorama
All the hard won victories.

Five and twenty years of triumph
Now have crowned thy chartered life—
Years that conquered opposition;
Left thee stronger after strife.

Firmly now thy name established
After years of patient growth;
Step by step progressing onward
Gaining strength and numbers both.

Step by step, though slow but surely
Was thy present glory gained;
Step by step, by slowly climbing
Were thy present heights attained.

In the motto thou hast chosen
Lies the key to all success;
Step by step, by persevering;
Doth the world at large progress.

Rhymes From the School Room

SCHOOL TIME.

Brush the dust from off your desk
And sweep the cobwebs from your brain;
Gather up your scattered books
That long in hidden nooks have lain;
Summer days are done,
School days have begun,
And the call to study comes again.

'Reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic,
Were good enough in days before,
But in modern times to them
We have to add a hundred more:
Science, chemistry,
Logic, history,
With a lot of ancient musty lore.

Greek and Latin, German, French,
And lots of "oligies" to mix
With philosophy and law,

Astronomy and politics,
 Minerology,
 Physiology,
And a dozen more in "y" and "ics."

So, away your summer dreams
 And find your paper, pen and ink;
Get together odds and ends
 And fix your "thinking cap" to think;
 Play days now are past,
 Fall has come at last,
To the "fount of knowledge" go and drink.

STILL MORE BEYOND.

I. S. D. Class Poem, 1965

Nothing in this life's completed,
 Something still remains undone;
When the end may seem the nearest
 Often we have just begun.
Looking forward to life's promise
 As the seasons 'round us roll,
Ever learning, ever striving,
 Still beyond us lies the goal.

Something still to be completed,
 Something further to be learned;
In the future, something higher,
 Something better to be earned.
Toil and work and endless striving
 To our efforts oft respond,
And there's something left to strive for
 Something still there is beyond.

When one task is thru and ended
 There's another to begin;
And the more that we accomplish
 Greater grow our burdens then.
When one lesson has been mastered,
 There's another yet to do;
When the book is closed and finished
 Points its ending further too.

•
Still there's always something higher,
 Something to be better done;
Never quite contented with our work
 Until the prize is won.
But we'll not become discouraged—
 'Tis the weaklings that despond—
While we keep in mind our motto
 That there still is more beyond.

Hope is always left to cheer us
 When the clouds around us rise,
And we know that there beyond them
 Lie the blue and sunny skies.
And when death at last shall claim us
 And we break our earthly bond,
There is comfort in the promise
 That there still is more beyond.

DOES IT PAY?

Weary and sad and dejected
I sat at the close of the day,
Tediously marking some papers
Before I could hurry away.

Thoughts of the day's disappointments
Came thronging to sadden me then;
Thoughts of how utterly fruitless
My efforts seemed then to have been.

Thoughts of the constant endeavor,
The failure and end of it all,
So that I couldn't help thinking
There was nothing to drink but the gall.

And as I finished my papers
And carefully laid them away,
This was the query I pondered,
"With this as the end does it pay?"

What does it pay to keep trying
 When so little of good we attain?
What does it pay to keep striving
 When striving seems often so vain?

Yet on the morrow as ever
 I took us my burden again,
Praying the Lord for the courage
 And leaving the rest with Him then.

Hoping that sometime in future
 The seeds I have planted in youth
Will in the minds of these children
 Then grow into blossoms of truth.

DEDICATION ODE.

Read at Dedication of new Building at I. S. D. June, 1906

In time's eternal onward sweep
That lifts the veil from wrong,
To souls long dead thru love's neglect
Shone hope delayed so long.

The messengers of Love and Light,
God's benediction brought
And lo, thruout the wakening world
A miracle was wrought.

As far adown the flight of years
Christ's "ephphatha" was heard
And men were turned to deeds of love
By His inspiring word.

And tho Lucretius in his rhyme
Declared the deaf to be
Beyond the power of wisdom's art
Or skill of men to free,

In minds unreached by sound, thru eyes
The light of knowledge broke,
And thoughts long hid for want of tongue
Now thru the fingers spoke.

And they to whom the world denied
In life an equal share,
And doomed because of Nature's wrong
The cross of scorn to bear

Were freed; and education took
Away the blighting ban,
Restored them to the realm of life
And brotherhood of man.

Now to this cause we dedicate
The walls that round us rise,
A pledge of that humanity
That in their purpose lies.

WHICH VALENTINE?

Two little girls in school I know,
And see them every day;
I see them as they work in school
And see them at their play.

"Old Cross-patch" one of them is called,
(I think you can guess why).
The other, "Sunshine," (and you know
Her just as well as I).

When Cross-patch comes to school each day,
She wears a dreadful frown;
Seems like a cloud has settled there,
Whenever she sits down.

But Sunshine, she comes laughing in,
And fills the room with glee;
Seems like the world is changed to gold
Whenever her I see.

And Cross-patch will not let you touch
Her doll or things at play;
She's selfish and she makes a fuss
Unless things are her way.

But Sunshine smiles and says,
"Oh, come and play here too;
It's lot more fun when I can share
My things with some of you."

And so each day I stand and watch
These two young friends of mine;
Now which one do you think I'd choose
To be my valentine?

NOT FOR SELF BUT OTHERS.

I. S. D. Class Poem 1907

Now we leave our school behind us,
Now the parting of the ways;
Closed the books so long beside us,
Torn away the props and stays.

Wide the world, but God has given us
Each his own particular sphere,—
We have work that he assigned us
Even tho we can not hear.

Life is always what we make it,
Full of joy or full of tears,
And to measure its completeness
Count the deeds and not the years.

Let us then go forth with courage
Seeking what our hands may do,
Loyal to the school that made us,
Faithful, firm and ever true.

Let us strive to make time useful
As we journey on thru life,
Let us seek the good and noble,
Turn away from petty strife;

Let us find our greatest pleasure
In the deeds of faith and love,
Living not for self but others,
Trusting in the Lord above.

THE SCHOOL GIRL'S COMPLAINT.

I don't see why that I should have
To study, work and go to school,
When grown-ups do just as they please
And never have to mind the rule.

The morning brings some task to do
And then it's hurry to prepare
For school, and oh! the troubles and
The tasks I know await me there!

The teacher, she puts on the board
The hardest things for us to do,
And then she sits and watches us
The while we toil and struggle thru

And when we get the answer wrong,
She frowns and scolds us awful hard
And wonders why we are so slow,
Then marks us low upon our card.

I guess she has forgotten when

She was a girl and went to school,

Or she would understand and be

Less cross when we forget the rule.

I'll be so glad when I grow up;

Then I'll be free to go and do

Just as I please—and maybe then

I'll try and be a teacher too.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

When Mary the best of my pupils
Went wrong and compelled me to blame
Where always I'd loved, how I hated
To scold her and put her to shame.

All day she'd been cross and unruly
Till when it was too much to bear,
I called her right up to my table
And made her stand up on a chair.

I kept her in school in the evening
And told her how naughty she'd been;
She sobbed while she said she was sorry
And never would do it again.

How little we reckon of sorrow
In hearts of the tender in years!
How little we know 'till we see it
O'erflowing in torrents of tears !

How often the heart of the teacher
Is longing affection to show,
When duty as often compels her
To sternly a chiding bestow.

SCHOOL ROOM PROBLEMS.

I often wonder why, one day, a child with
ease will learn,
And on the very next, the simplest thing can
not discern.
And why one day the self-same child will be
so awful nice
And on the next will vex my soul with
every mean device.

And why when I have spent an hour to
patiently explain
The "how" and "why" of this and that and
made it very plain,
Then ask the pupils to produce a brief of
what they've seen,
A boy gets up and says to me, "What does
this subject mean?"
And when I show them where to put the
nouns and place adverbs,

And tell them that the adjectives can't
 modify the verbs,
And then they go and mix them up without a
 thought or care,
I feel like I will have to drop and give up in
 despair.

AIM HIGH.

I. S. D. Class Motto, 1908

Starting out upon life's highway,
Leaving school and help behind,
Whither will its windings lead us?
What of blessings shall we find?

Will it give us ought of triumph?
Will it lead to wealth or fame?
All depends upon our effort
And the heights for which we aim.

We may never reach the summit
Of the mountain's rugged peak;
We may never quite accomplish
All the purpose that we seek;

But unless our eyes be lifted
As we struggle toward the skies
And our aim be high above us
Can we ever hope to rise?

May our lives be free from doing
 Anything to bring us shame;
Let us work and do our duty
 That there nought will be to blame.

Ours the aim to reach the highest,
 Ne'er content save with the best,
Strive that when our work is over
 It will stand the Master's test.

ANAXAGORAS.

Wise Anaxagoras (and ever may his tribe
increase)
Once kept a school at Athens for the boys
of ancient Greece.
And how to keep them dutiful, he knew
the wisest way,
For when they'd all been good, he'd give
then, a holiday.

His lectures on philosophy, as fairy tales
disguised,
And talks on deep astronomy, they heard
with open eyes;
But they were always ready when he'd stop
and, smiling say,
"Come, boys, now put your books aside and
take a holiday."

For good old Anaxagoras, he well remem-
bered when,
Back in the days of long ago, like them, a
boy he'd been.
So, when their tasks were heavy and their
eyes would turn away,
He'd smile a knowing smile and give the
boys a holiday.

Like others, Anaxagoras at last grew old
and died,
And friends came at the end to see, and
gathered at his side.
They asked what honors at his funeral he'd
have them pay;
Said Anaxagoras, "Just give the boys a
holiday."





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